UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

Is It So Difficult to Keep in with God? - - - - - - - - - *John Malick*

The Censor in the Pew - - *M. C. Otto*

The Two-Fold Need of Religious Liberalism - - - - - - - *Ernest Caldecott*

America's Great Need Today - *David M. Bloch*

Trumpets on New Horizons

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The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

Wilson's Road to War

No man is wise enough, no nation is important enough, no human interest is precious enough to justify the wholesale destruction and murder which constitute war. — Rev. John Haynes Holmes, 1915.

We've been dipping again into Walter Millis' masterly book of three years ago, *The Road to War* (Houghton-Mifflin Company); and the book seems to us as grimly interesting as ever. It is the detailed story of how Woodrow Wilson, President and avowed pacifist, took us into the biggest war known to history.

It is strange that the public didn't come to suspect the genuineness of Wilson's pacifism within three months after he and his New Freedom administration took office March 4, 1913. It took him no longer than that to get into a row with Mexico. Gen. Victoriano Huerta had pulled off a successful revolution and proclaimed himself president of Mexico; but Wilson felt that the United States ought not to recognize Huerta because Huerta was a Mexican-style tyrant instead of an American-style democrat.

The dispute simmered along for a year. Finally, Wilson seized on a flimsy pretext to order American naval forces to grab the custom house at Vera Cruz (April 21, 1914). The European War broke out in July, while we were still holding Vera Cruz and thinking of fighting Mexico.

In March, 1916, President Wilson sent the fruitless Pershing punitive expedition into Mexico to avenge the bandit Pancho Villa's raid on Columbus, N. M. Pershing didn't catch Villa, at a cost of some $260,000,000. But Wilson was reelected in November, 1916, chiefly on the ground that "he kept us out of war."

We had been drifting into the war, though, throughout the third and fourth years of Wilson's first term. And it was Wilson who at last got us into the war —with the help of Walter Hines Page, anglophile American Ambassador to Great Britain.

In February, 1915, Germany proclaimed a submarine "war zone" around the British Isles, warning that all hostile merchant ships caught in that zone by German U-boats would be sunk on sight, and that neutral shipping had better stay out to avoid mistakes.

Wilson protested solemnly to Berlin. On May 1, 1915, the American merchant ship Gulflight was sunk in the war zone, and six days later the Lusitania. It was the Lusitania sinking that shifted us onto the road to war. It started a barrage and counter-barrage of bristling notes between Washington and Berlin—notes which William Jennings Bryan, genuine pacifist, resigned as Secretary of State rather than write.

Time hurried on. There was the great German spy scare of the summer of 1915, when Dr. Heinrich Albert, head of the German propaganda service in this country, absentmindedly left a briefcase full of incriminating papers in a New York elevated train, and a New York news-

(*Continued on page* 48)

UNITY

"He Hath Made of One All Nations of Men"

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FREE SPEECH

"Our government provides for free speech, and IN THIS CITY THAT RIGHT WILL BE RESPECTED. It would be a strange kind of free speech which permits free speech only for those we agree with. That's the kind of free speech they have in Fascist countries, but it isn't free speech.

"It would be a strange thing, if because I do not agree with the sponsors of this [Nazi] meeting and because they abuse me, that I should move to prevent this meeting. I would then be doing exactly as Hitler is doing in carrying on his abhorrent form of government."—*Statement by Fiorello H. La Guardia, Mayor of New York, in authorizing the Madison Square Garden mass meeting of the German-American Bund.*

GANDHI'S CHALLENGE

A fortnight ago, Mohandas K. Gandhi gave to a special correspondent of the New York *Times* a message to the world as his contribution toward solving the European situation that is rapidly becoming desperate. The message follows:

> "I see from today's papers that the British Prime Minister is conferring with the democratic powers as to how they should meet the latest threatening development. How I wish he were conferring by proposing to them that all should resort to simultaneous disarmament. I am as certain as I am that I am sitting here that this heroic act would open Chancellor Adolf Hitler's eyes and disarm him."
>
> "Wouldn't that be a miracle?" your correspondent asked.
>
> "Perhaps, but it would save the world from the butchery that seems to be impending."

We ask our readers to preserve this statement, and reread it whenever they wonder about UNITY's position on this or that problem in the European crisis, or question our sanity because we remain a pacifist. Gandhi's position is our position. We believe, with him, that fighting Hitler, arming against Hitler, forming alliances against Hitler, will never accomplish anything but "the butchery that seems to be impending" because the nations insist upon doing just these things. We believe, with him, that the one constructive thing to do is for the democratic powers to take the initial step of disarmament, or some similar gesture of confidence and good will, and that Hitler—or, if not Hitler, the German people—will respond, and an end begin to all our troubles. Don't say we pacifists have no program. This is it! Don't say that this program is surrender to barbarians. It is not surrender, but action! Don't argue with us, or denounce us. This is our conviction—and we present it, and will continue to present it, as the only way to escape the end of the world.

HITLER MARCHES ON

The Czechoslovakian tragedy has now swung full circle. It is as complete as the tragic dramas of Aeschylus and Sophocles, or the Old Testament epics of Jerusalem. To one who has visited Czechoslovakia, especially Bohemia, or has even seen the country from a distance, the course of recent events is too heartbreaking for words. We remember our first and only glimpse of Prague—the great cathedral on the hill, surrounded by the thickly clustering buildings of the old town. We can see, as though it were yesterday, the goosegirl out in the green pastures surrounded by her snowy flock. All these simple, picturesque, peace-loving people, with their rich and exquisite culture, now prone beneath the iron heel of Hitler! And thousands of more Jews, panic-stricken and utterly helpless, added to the flooding stream of refugees! Just twenty years ago Czechoslovakia was created by the Versailles peacemakers, and created in such ways, be it said, as to make this present doom inevitable. It is not to yesterday and to the Munich Pact that we must look for explanation of the tragedy. Chamberlain, Daladier, and Roosevelt may have done well or ill in urging peace upon Hitler last September on his own terms. The real trouble goes back to Versailles where a nation was thrown together of disparate elements, burdened hopelessly with rebellious minority population, and armed to the teeth to serve as the eastern frontier of France against the imprisoned Reich. Remember Sisley Huddleston's description of Czechoslovakia—"not a nation but a hotchpotch of nationalities . . . the oppressed become the oppressor." Hitler or no Hitler, such a political conglomeration could not last. Lloyd George knew it at the time, and now repeats it in the latest volumes of his memoirs just published. What Chamberlain found in his hands last September was so much dust, blown to the winds by the conqueror's breath. All of which means that we are still reaping the hideous harvest of Versailles—"the most monstrous treaty ever written," says Huddleston! Some day this treaty will be liquidated. Then will come Hitler's turn.

LOOT!

On the day following Hitler's occupation of Prague, the New York *Herald-Tribune* published a dramatic story describing the seizure of the Czecho-

slovak National Bank. Within twenty-four hours after the entrance of Nazi troops into the city, great military trucks had been backed up to the Bank, and were loading the gold holdings amounting to 2,500,000,000 crowns. On this single day the Bank was left as empty as though it had been cleaned out by a band of brigands. Next on the program, of course, will come the expropriation of the Jews, a wealthy class in Czechoslovakia, and the taking over in the government interest of the numerous industries of the country. All this is only a repetition of what took place in Austria, and a clear indication of what is behind this constant extension of Nazi power. The Reich is driven to these depredations by an inner necessity, like that of a hungry man starving for food. Hitler's empire has no money, no raw materials; it is bankrupt. The standards of living are falling to levels unheard of since the War. In certain industries resort has been had to the desperate device of paper script, or token money. The oppression of the Jews, especially the last attack in November, is not all due to racial mania; it has very definitely its economic side. And now the Catholics are in line for plundering, since the Nazis have got to have the money, and the Jews have no more. But seizure of wealth inside of Germany is like a camel feeding on its hump. Before long the animal consumes itself. Hence the necessity for seizing outside sources of supply! Austria served for a time—it quickened the dying Nazi organism like a transfusion of fresh blood. But a single year has exhausted Austria's wealth, and now Czechoslovakia is taken. It is the kind of game that Napoleon played. It was not mere ambition, or lust of conquest, that drove Napoleon from land to land. Having drained France of its resources, and with huge fleets and armies to support, the first Emperor had to find money, more *money*—and so he went to Vienna, and then to Berlin, and then to Madrid, and at last to Moscow. And now the game is being played—by Hitler! How long it can last is doubtful. Sooner or later the crash is going to come. Which means that the one thing needful now is—*time!* We shall get rid of Hitler without a war, if only we are willing to wait, whatever the temporary price of peace, for the inevitable breakup to come.

BUTCHERY

The Paris *Le Temps,* a conservative French newspaper, has recently published the text of an edict issued by General Franco in Spain, called "The Law of Political Responsibilities." An analysis of this edict by the French Catholic paper, *L'Aube,* shows that the document is one of the most incredible pronunciamentos issued even in these days of unrestrained savagery and hate. A correspondent, who has brought the question to our attention, writes that "nothing like this 'Law' has ever been known in modern or for that matter ancient legislation, apart perhaps from the Inquisition." Our own feeling is that it can be matched only by the ruthless ferocity of barbarian conquerors, and is itself worse because perpetrating enormities under the guise of law. Franco's edict details eighty-nine (89) categories of Republican Loyalists whom he considers "punishable." Like a huge dragnet, it sweeps into its application everybody in Republican territory who opposed, or even simply failed to support, the Nationalist movement. It applies to boys as young as fourteen, establishes as crimes acts of omission or of "grave passivity," and makes its provisions retroactive. Illustrations of those involved in this sweeping charge of "responsibility" are, in addition to officials and members of Popular Front parties, Free Masons (excepting those who left the Order before July 18, 1936), those who remained abroad after July 18, 1936, those charged with missions of trust by the Popular Front, those who opposed the triumph of the "movement" (Nationalist). Penalties run all the way from loss of property and civil rights to death. Should this "Law" become operative, millions of Spaniards will at once be subjected to a rigorous campaign of repression. Franco himself is reported to have said that he has a blacklist of two million "criminals." For some reason American newspapers have not publicized this answer of the Generalissimo to British and French pleas for clemency. Is this horror thus to be perpetrated without protest? It would seem to be timely for American citizens to address the State Department, which is now considering recognition of the Franco government.

THE INCORRIGIBLE TWINS

This nation owes an immeasurable debt to its President for using the immense authority of his office to bring together the A. F. of L. and the C. I. O. into negotiations for peace. The fight between these two great branches of labor has of course been a scandal of the first order. Responsibility for it lies wherever the interest or prejudice of the observer may choose to put it. History, and not this contemporary age, will settle that question, with divided responsibility in all probability the answer. What is now of prime, indeed of exclusive, concern is the reconciliation of these two wings of labor, that in this period of recovery from the depression, which still weighs us down like lead bound to a swimmer's ankles, the workers may stand united in a common endeavor to save industry and the nation itself. It is amusing to see a stubborn old man, like Mr. Green, brought relentlessly to the counsel table in the persons of his representatives. Almost as amusing as seeing a roughneck, like Mr. Lewis, forced to follow the path of appeasement and not of war! Mr. Green has no desire for peace, as Mr. Lewis has only the hot lust for battle. But just here is where the President comes in to knock these recalcitrant heads together, to the end of getting a little sense into their craniums. The President, of course, has a personal motive for ending this fight, and a political motive, too.

But we prefer to recognize as the dominant motive in his heart what the Constitution calls "the common welfare." Here is Mr. Roosevelt functioning at his best and highest. And why not extend this functioning to other fields? Why not carry abroad what is so wholesome at home? Instead of arming to the teeth, and issuing defiances, and thereby fomenting a situation in Europe far too dangerous, why not summon the nations to reconciliation and peace while there is yet time? The influence of Mr. Roosevelt, both as man and president, is enormous. Let him use it to call the nations into counsel. The rulers of states could no more deny his appeal than the leaders of labor.

THE MONARCH OF THE MIND

The announcement of Albert Einstein that he has found the law that explains the mechanism of the entire cosmos, including alike the stars and galaxies in infinite space and the infinitesimal atoms, is nothing for us to discuss. What we do not know in this stupendous field of research and calculation may well be taken to match what Einstein knows. But we may at least be permitted to express our awe at this achievement and our reverence for the colossal intellect and patient soul which wrought it. William L. Laurence, accomplished scientific reporter of the New York *Times,* reminds us of Bertrand Russell's statement in 1924 that the Einstein theory of relativity was "the greatest synthetic achievement of the human intellect" up to the present time. "It sums up," said Mr. Russell, "the mathematical and physical labors of more than two thousand years. Pure geometry from Pythagoras to Riemann, the dynamics and astronomy of Galileo and Newton, the theory of electro-magnetism as it resulted from the researches of Faraday, Maxwell, and their successors, are all absorbed, with the necessary modifications, in the theories of Einstein." This would seem to have been enough for one intellect at one time. But now Einstein has gone on, incorporated into his system the quantum theory, of which he was one of the chief founders, and given us a complete and all-inclusive picture of the universe. He has at last arrived within sight, to use his own modest phrase, of what he hopes may be the "Promised Land of Knowledge." A single mind, in other words, has grasped the whole, a single hand laid hold upon the master key of Truth. Before such an accomplishment, how utterly trivial appear the circumstances and even the tragedies of this chaotic age! How ridiculous the ravings of a Hitler against the tribe of men to which this "monarch of the mind" belongs! The surface buffetings of wind and sea may disturb us no more. The creative genius of the race is still at work, and will yet bring mankind to the haven of security and peace.

THE FULL BENCH

Any appointment to the Supreme Court, to fill Louis D. Brandeis' seat, would inevitably seem insignificant. Yet does the appointment of William O. Douglas stand out as one of the best that President Roosevelt has made. Mr. Douglas was born in the East but is identified with the West, he is young, vigorous, progressive in spirit, incorruptible in character, and incidentally has been described by no less a man than President Hutchins of the University of Chicago, as "the best law teacher in America." The prestige and authority of the Court are sustained in the best sense of the word by this appointment. It will of course be promptly confirmed by the Senate.

Jottings

Believe it or not! Of a million tons of scrap metal bought by Great Britain in the United States last year, 50,000 tons were resold and transhipped to Germany. This on the authority of the Iron and Steel Trades Confederation journal, as cited by Nofrontier News Service.

On the morning of the Pope's coronation (March 12th) all midnight and post-midnight jazz went off the air, while the radio stations carried the rites in St. Peter's, Rome. God bless the Pope, and would that he might be crowned every Sunday morning!

Mussolini is ridiculing the middle class of Italy. Hitler is attacking Aryans who manifest the same qualities of lust and greed which he charges to the Jews. Thus does the tiger proceed to devour its own offspring.

While Chicago is building its new subway, New York is tearing down its old "El." We should think the Chicago "Els" would be trembling on their pillars.

William Z. Foster, Communist leader, was turned back at the Canadian border the other day on his way to Toronto to deliver an address, then released and allowed to proceed. Result—a speech, which would not have been reported even in the local press, was carried in an Associated Press dispatch to every corner of the nation. Government officials are A-1 publicity agents!

"As national Prohibition recedes into the past, it is clear that Repeal did not wholly solve the liquor problem."
New York *Times.*

Putting it mildly! J. H. H.

Is It So Difficult to Keep in with God?

JOHN MALICK

We have entered on a great religious observance which is about our one remaining practice of antiquity. Most of our people will drop into one of the churches before Lent is over to get the story, hear what is said about it, which almost everybody must know by this time, it has been told so often.

We do not know just why they go, likely tired, eaten with the acid of modernity, hectic with trying to keep up with the new turns of civilization, seeking some stability, some sense of unchanging order, at the heart of our nerve-wracking, not very happy, life.

We have something here to be accounted for, so many people going, joining in, being helped or entertained, losing the sense of isolation in the great togetherness of it. One might say that so many going vouches for the truth of what is said to them when they get there. Here is a plan of the universe, said to be God's plan, and the great number assembling to hear it with approval might be said to be evidence that the plan is just this way. One has to be careful about this kind of argument, a thing being true because it brings great companies together. This argument cuts both ways. Crowds vouch for a number of things. They may be unbelievably cruel, doing together what no one among them could bring himself to do alone. In amusement, in torture of men and other life, in revolutions, crowds often have. In not a few cases of judicial murder, called martrydom, the crowds went the judges one better in severity of sentence. The baseball, football, bull-fight and movie crowds are quite well accounted for by the need of being entertained by more stirring life than one gets in his own rather prosaic way, and they do not vouch for much more truth than this. They may lean to rough tactics, cruel practices. The President of Yale, in a recent report, deplores developments in college contests, thinks them rather disgraceful, and for a college crowd at that. This Lenten affair is one of the oldest spectacles, rather gorgeously staged with all the arts contributing. It is the world's longest run, 200 years in New York, 1,000 years in London, longer in Rome, and longer still farther east. We would only note in passing that the crowd-approving argument cuts both ways and much of it the wrong way. If the number going vouches for religious truth, the situation is unique with religion.

Some have trouble with one little thing in the Lenten story and some with another. All these different churches must meet the needs of those who are troubled about different things. These little differences do not trouble us so much. It is not about what they differ but about what they all agree that gives us most pause, not the little turns of the story but the whole fundamental conception underlying, what they all accept and do not seem to be troubled about in the least, God, man, history, human conditions, and destiny. We can enjoy the music, the pageantry, the gorgeous robes and architecture, but it is taking the plot as reality, and not just a story as we do other great representations, that gives us trouble.

We are all familiar with the fundamental conceptions underlying the story. We have heard them so often that we do not get the full import of the basic scheme, so mellowed with age, overlaid with familiar custom and esthetic charm. If one should get the impression, the full effect of it, as something just announced, what would be the full effect on the modern? Here is our generation in the midst of things about which we know fairly well and about which there is general agreement. It is rather clear that the universe is about this way rather than some other way. With our whole thought made by things as we know them to be, what impression would this story make if it should break for the first time today as a news story? Would it get farther than the strange stories of make-believe? We are only asking the question and wondering.

What impression does one get from all who have held it and commented upon it? Take the Church Fathers; take the Scholastics who put it in form; take the elaborately detailed system worked out by Calvin which drove laughter from Scotland and cast a pall over this virgin territory from coast to coast; take the important fellows in the great historic churches; take all those who said, "No," to this world, scourged themselves in the desert to get right, all the recorded agony, whole libraries of it, about whether you were in or out, what impression does all this give? If one should come to this today, hear it for the first time, he would have an impression, a very definite impression, a very terrible impression of all its import, stated and implied, that the Management of this universe is almost impossible to reach or stay in with if you did make it.

Whoever got the idea in the first place, it has been cultivated assiduously through the centuries that the way to go where He is, is narrow and perilous, but broad and easy to where He is not. At one extreme, we have the insistence that if you made it a regular business, dropped all other human affairs, you might perchance make your own personal connection with this Holder of Destiny, but you could not be sure, indeed that was the fatal sign, to be sure. Just a little indiscretion of one of the members, the sin that doth so easily beset, and the whole thing would be off, adrift again in the spacious universe, disconnected from its Sovereign and Exalted Head. It seems about the chance of getting up a mountainside, straight up and down, with just a little foothold here and there. You might make it, but the chances are that you would drop to the bottom more likely than that you would win up to the Shining Height. We are assured rather definitely that the great heap of our kind is at the bottom.

We are not thinking only of the classic examples, of the more ancient days, of the well-nigh insurmountable difficulties of making contact with the Keeper of Destiny in the first place, and of keeping it after you make it; we are thinking of the more recent interpretations, Calvin's for example, with the mean little turn that he gave it. You are willing to accept the terms, count them rigid, feel them unjust, but are willing to meet them if God is that. You give all your life to what the Sovereign Head requires. Suppose he is a God who does not like human instinct, so you crucify them all. Suppose he hates comeliness in all its forms and you make yourself ugly as sin for a lifetime. Suppose he hates cleanliness and you live in the dirt; is raging

wrath at the sight of beauty and you always wear your most drab. Suppose he hates learning, all the vanity of knowledge, and you keep your mind blank to stay in his favor, then, after you had done all this at pain and cost to your one chance here, it made no difference, you missed, were out any way after all the effort, he would not know you. It was just this little cruel turn, that you most likely would not make it after you had done all, which did not count, that left its mark on North Europe, the British Isles, and this continent. While this extremity of interpretation has passed, it left the popular thought of Deity far on the unreceptive side. It was so deeply grained in the general mind, this parsimonious thought of the world's Head, that the first suggestion, that he could be contacted at all, was received as heresy of first rank.

Leave these far-flung systems. Go to the churches, the cathedrals, the stone fronts, the little wooden boxes built to God all over this rich land, and what impression do we get? Indeed, it is not left to chance impression; it is told in clear words that the Keeper of Destiny is very hard to contact but, say they, "Thank God, we made it. We just happened on it, got just the little turn of the text he likes. He is just wrath itself against any but just the right little turn of the text; is unbelievably particular about how you use water, wine and bread, and, as to words, if you get just a little off, you are out." So, here are all the little chapel fellows who hate knowledge, especially science, and here are all the great fellows of the large churches, all giving the impression that, at best, it is a gambler's chance, but, with them—each is so confident—you are practically sure to win. With the others you cannot be sure, would probably miss.

Here in the Lenten story is an order of events over 4000 years, from Garden Scene to Garden Scene, Eden to Gethsemane. Here is a plot running from the expulsion from that first paradise, the flaming sword at the exit gate against return, step by step, forty centuries of plot, up to the heaviness of Good Friday and the Hallelujah of Easter, all tied together, rising stage by stage to the grand culmination, the last scene, the leading rôle, filled by the World Director himself by one of his particular own, of his kind and only one of the kind, imported from beyond our stage for the act. All saying, we would not misrepresent it, that it is not possible at this level of ours to reach this Keeper of Destiny. Something more than we have, or can get, can ever get, must be invoked, brought in, to make the contact possible at all; God not humanly possible to reach.

The part of the story that gives us most trouble today is that back of all, running through all, giving the necessity for all the theological system, is something broken that has to be mended, severed that has to be connected, something torn apart that has to be brought together once more. Here is a split in creation itself, the last of creation alien to the rest and to the Creator himself. In words moving and familiar, we have creation in general doing the will of Him who willed it, the heavens declare the glory of God, the firmament showing his handiwork. The sun knoweth his going down and does it; then there are small and great beasts, thou openest thine hand and they are filled with good. There are mountains, all hills, cedars, the floods, clapping their hands, shouting together for joy. Here is all creation represented as not broken from the order, but united, conceived of as being immediately under the hand of their Maker, doing his will and with gladness. Whatever the purpose of the world, it seems to be a unified whole, all parts, from greatest to least, living under the will we call law, from atoms to the galaxies. As far as we can see, there is no severance here, no need to bring back stars, hills, and birds to the will of Him who made them.

But in this story, purporting to be how things are, Man alone has jumped the whole purpose of creation, stormy wind fulfilling his word but stormy man not fulfilling his word. Man left the scheme entire, set up his little purpose in the face of the universe. This one little item of creation, called a mammalian biped, alone, set out by himself, would not go with the other works in the scheme of things, and this is said to make the whole situation. The flowers come up in the spring to do the will of the whole, with beauty and, as far as we can see, with gladness, doing that which they obviously were sent to do. They have traffic with the bees and butterflies, commerce with the sun. There is nothing in our thought or practice to bring the will of flowers in the spring to do the Will of the universe. They are thought to do it because that is the way they are made. Infant flowers are thought to be still united to the whole purpose of the world, whatever it is, contributing their little part on a spring day, but infant human beings, says the plot, not doing this Will as the flowers do. Flowers come into life connected, infants disconnected, not sweet to his nostrils as the flowers are. He is said to have a feeling for the flower, because it will do the part it has to, but he knows the infant will not, will not want to, could not if it would. Stripped down to the nude, here is an idea, magnificently appareled in the best of human artistry, that we hesitate to view in all its nakedness as a basic conception of the world in which we now feel, and know, ourselves to be living. The idea in all these moving phrases, long familiar, is that man alone got broken off from the universe and remains so. Theology, among us, is just telling how that happened and what was done about it.

We do not pretend to know what the whole purpose of the universe is. All we do feel sure of, is that, with the tremendous size and power of it, it is likely that every part of it, including ourselves, is about bound to do what it has in mind, whatever it is. That each part accomplishes that for which it was sent, seems to us in all probability one of the surest things in the Book. We cannot see that we are in a different case, in relation to the Keeper of Destiny, than crocus, March wind or April shower, all of which presumably do the world will in their ways, beautifully or blusteringly. We know the differences between crocus, March wind, April shower, and a human being, and these differences are great, but we cannot feel that one is more split off from things in general than the others. We are so small, so recent, that this little being throwing his rebellious will in the face of the universe would disturb it about as much as a very small baby, the little rebel, throwing its defiance at a husky nurse, would disturb her. She would be only amused and smile. He that sitteth in the heavens may only laugh. When we hear of all the consequences of man putting his will against the big thing that the world is, and all the trouble it took to reunite, restore, and redeem him back into connection, it always seems that man is taking too seriously even all the worst that he can do. The new psychology knows the tendency of our kind to be large

in affairs, to get noticed. It looks like we have here a kind of exhibitionism, showing off, representing man's power to affect the world much more than the facts warrant.

There are two perspectives on God. Maeterlinck came under both in his lifetime. As a boy in school he had held before him a conception of Deity so difficult and terrible that eleven out of eighteen of his class were affected; went out to be priests of the most elaborate system yet staged of connecting man and conciliating God. Maeterlinck himself went modern, to a thought of a God "sitting smiling on a mountain to whom our gravest offenses are only as the naughtiness of puppies on the hearth rug." There are these two religious traditions running all through, one that Deity is difficult, requiring the most elaborate system of contacts, the other that it is easy, simple, direct. A bright boy, just hearing of the eclipse for the first time, sold tickets to his play fellows, who did not know the ways of an eclipse. They found that tickets were not needed, it could be seen from their own yards, view unobstructed, and with their own eyes.

Trumpets on New Horizons

The Three Dictators

Beware gross Power, and Greed
With ape's prehensile hands,
And Fear that herds mankind
Like calves, at their commands!

These raging tyrants reign
Where guns displace the bread
And breed new hells, till earth's
Pale hungering hope is dead!

EARL BIGELOW BROWN.

To the Child Juanita

Your scrawny figure hunched along the store,
Your starving eyes of wistful light, and sad.
You did not know a wing-brushed cloud held war,
That gods and tinseled men had both gone mad.

Then lead my once believing heart to pray
Though worldly wisdom jeer in skeptic mirth—
That God will cram your little hands each day
With every sweet you did not taste on earth.

[Written from an incident presented on a March of Time program about a little girl who died during an air raid as she lingered near a sweet shop window.]

EVELYN DORIS.

To the Ghouls

[From the grave of a German soldier of Jewish race]

I died for Germany, my Fatherland,
Slain by a patriot Jew who fought for France.
My wife's heart broke—my children, orphaned band,
Are Hitler-harried, while brave Goebbels rants.

But Thou, Eternal God of truth and might,
Will blast the ruthless, lying, impious hand
That from my tombstone filched my blood-sealed right:
"He died for Germany, his Fatherland."

AXEL ANDERS.

To Adolph Hitler

I cannot think of you as just a man,
Oh, Fuehrer, though your image greets my eye
From day to day; and the cartoonists vie
In picturing you as glaring as they can.
But I behold a passion, which began
With zeal to free your country, and defy
Its conquerors, who forged with many a lie
The fetters bringing ruin in their van.

That passion made you draw on the Unseen
Until your people looked on you as God.
You broke their fetters like the withes so green
Which Samson snapped at false Delilah's nod.
Your power increased until, like one inspired,
You made your masters beg what they required.

But, Fuehrer, has that passion swept away
All human feeling, justice, love, and truth?
Is your one nation of more worth, forsooth,
Than all the world of men who live today?
Do you hold your Aryan people as mere clay
To build your empire without check or ruth?
What good will come by setting on your youth
To spoil that race whose debt the world can't pay?
You rose to power because of dreadful need.
Men call you maniac; say you're drunk with power;
And well they may, if now you give no heed
To that which brought you to your zenith hour!
But that which built you up can put you down,
And raise a nobler head to wear the crown.

ARDEN MURDOCK ROCKWOOD.

God and the Chaplain's Prayer

You say it's never right to laugh at prayer?
I'm not quite sure God does not do the same
At such a prayer as this—though none too rare—
"God, give us victory in Jesus' name!"
An army chaplain prayed thus for his men—
And what more natural than his praying so?
He loved them, knew their sacrifice, and then
He begged their dearest wish; but did not know
The one whose name he used to reach his Lord,
The one whose own defeat was victory,
Poor chaplain! If you prayed as Christ once poured
His prayers, his very being forth, that we
Should love our fellows, counting foe as brother,
You'd find your holy place filled by another!

PARK JERAULD WHITE, JR.

Liberty's Torch

American freedom is a vision of man
Inspired and revealed from on High
Our fathers have guarded and treasured it well
And for freedom been willing to die.

Has the torch held aloft in Liberty's hand,
for other nations to see,
Grown smudgy and dim from neglect and ill use
In America, pride of the free?

LOUISE S. PHILLIPS.

The Censor in the Pew

M. C. OTTO

The president of the bank was speaking. This is what he said:

"What's all this talk about a crisis in religion? There's no crisis in *my* religion. My religion is the religion I learned from my mother. It is the same yesterday, today, and forever. And there isn't any crisis in the religion of the people who *haven't* any religion. They are going down the broad row which leads to destruction, as they have always done, giving no thought to the things which are eternal, as Paul put it. Where *is* the crisis, then?

"The crisis in religion, gentlemen, is a manufactured article. It is manufactured by the people who don't do their fair share of the work that has to be done to keep the world going, and so they have too much time on their hands to theorize.

"The people who made this the greatest country on earth had faith in our institutions. They had faith in religion, too. They knew that man has spiritual needs over and above physical needs. There are still plenty of those people left in our country. The trouble is that they have become a little afraid to speak out as their fathers did. Anyway, you don't hear *them* talking about a crisis in religion. What worries them sometimes is the misguided theorists, the religious reds, who try to put a crisis into religion by mixing it up with things that don't concern it."

He said more of the same kind and then advised us to attend his church some Sunday and hear the sort of preaching we needed to hear in these times when "every other man feels he has to be an agitator."

It chanced that I was in the bank president's city the following Sunday, and did as he advised. The church building was one of the most beautiful of its kind I had seen. It was modeled, inside and out, after an excellent example of the best New England church architecture. I remember thinking that just to see it at close range, to enter it and sit peacefully for a little time under the spell of its quiet dignity, would be refreshing.

The organ was playing when the bank president arrived and was ushered into his pew well up in front and to the side. Before he sat down he took a careful look at the congregation, peering over his eyeglasses a little severely, so it seemed to me, as if he expected to catch one of us in some misdemeanor. When his sweeping gaze took in the two of us who had been among those he admonished earlier in the week, he knitted his brows a little tighter and puckered his lips as if trying to solve a puzzle. Where had he seen those two faces before?

How he managed to sit in the pew as he did I was unable to determine. His back was to the congregation, but his head was turned so that we saw his face in profile. He covered us, back and forth, with his keen little eyes as a sentry might have covered a crowd with a gun. Only now and then did he change from this position. Slowly, deliberately he would turn his face full upon the preacher, then as slowly and deliberately resume command of the congregation. It did not take exceptional perspicacity to discover the reason. The preacher was approaching too near what might develop into a dangerous doctrine. And the preacher seemed to recognize the signal. The bank president was a silent, but effective, censor. When he turned to look, the preacher deftly skirted around the danger. Sometimes he hesitated a moment, seemed to consult his notes, then finished the sentence looking hard at the rear wall.

"This is a time of Utopias," the preacher was saying. "We live in a time of Utopias because we live in a time of distress. It is shameful that men should suffer as they do today. No Christian can be happy in a world where men must go for weeks, months, years without sufficient food and without employment." (The bank president's eyes were now fixed on the preacher. The preacher hesitated—then went on.) "But no Christian can believe that two wrongs make a right. He cannot but resist all the destructive movements which aim to overthrow society. For physical needs are not primary, and any proposed reform which puts them first is contrary to the Kingdom of God." (Here the bank president returned to the vigil of the congregation, and the preacher continued.)

One of these instances was amusing. The preacher was saying that "a shift in economic or political power . . ." when the bank president got ready to use his censoring eyes, only to find that the end of the sentence made it unnecessary. For what the preacher said was that "a shift in power is a shift in power and nothing more. The real problem is spiritual. The truth is that only a better kind of man can usher in a better kind of world. It is the soul in its individuality which must be regenerated. Then will the world be relieved of sin, and so of sorrow."

The congregation was pleased with the sermon. Unmistakable good cheer, even gaiety of a quiet kind, bubbled in our conversation as we moved down the aisles into the vestibule where the minister shook hands with us. The sermon would have been disappointing, it would have been shocking, had the minister pointed out that while "the Kingdom of God cometh not with eating and drinking," it cometh not with physical want and enforced idleness. Those who smiled graciously as they shook hands with the preacher at the door would have smiled out of the other side of their mouths had he dwelt on the fact that "the needs of the spirit," "the regeneration of the soul," have their physical counterparts, and that moral stature has considerable relation to the economic circumstances in response to which character is formed.

The congregation was pleased because the sermon encouraged them to continue in the notion that the good man, the good woman, is the unfolding of an inner goodness, which realizes itself if there is enough will in the person to bring it out. If it does not unfold, the person himself is to blame. Had the preacher insisted upon a better kind of world, because only in a better kind of world can men be better, he would have made his hearers uncomfortable. They would have been challenged to do something which perhaps they did not want to do, and to give up something which perhaps they wanted to keep. Nothing of the kind was intimated. The bank president was right. In his church there was no crisis in religion.

There was no crisis in this bank president's religion, but some of us wondered, as we walked away from his church, whether there was any religion in it, either. The great teacher who taught that life is more than bread, more than meat, was concerned that men's bodies, as well as their spirits, should be fed. His disciples would have sent the multitude off hungry into the night. "Send them away," they advised, "that they may

go into the country roundabout, and into the villages, and buy themselves bread: for they have nothing to eat." He refused. He insisted that they be supplied with food. "And they did all eat and were filled." In a like manner he came to the aid of the fishermen who toiled all night and had taken nothing. They were astonished at the draught of fishes which broke the nets and filled the ships until they began to sink. So, too, he relieved the embarrassment of the host whose wine had run short. He provided a new supply which the guest of honor praised with delight.

Whatever other significance these stories of miracles may have, they show that Jesus was understood to be vitally concerned for men's earthly welfare. In fact, the interest shown by him in the physical well-being of mankind was so unmistakable that it got him a bad name among formalists. All of which is here offered for no more than this—but it is a good deal—that the one who, in Occidental tradition, is said to have brought men the highest ideal of the good life, seems to have intended it to be a good life for human beings with natural hungers and wants. "I am come," he said, "that they may have life, and that they may have it more abundantly." We shall never know exactly what he meant by the life he called abundant, but such evidence as we have makes it clear that he did not mean a life of pure spirituality, however defined.

One face in the congregation I cannot manage to forget, the face of the minister who preached the sermon. It was the face of a man who was deeply unhappy. Again and again in those twenty-five minutes he gave evidence of a sensitive nature, imaginative, sympathetic, responsive to men and women in need. He had chosen to be a minister of religion, I felt sure, because he had hoped to serve the best in mankind. When it began or how it began I had of course no way of telling, but somehow he had been maneuvered into a betrayal of his convictions, and one betrayal led to another until there was no escape. When I heard him, betrayal had become the habit of his professional life. To his honor, but unluckily for him, his convictions had not thereupon died. They remained to torment him. He heard their bugle call even as he retreated.

Let anyone who is inclined to blame the minister make sure that he himself has not underestimated another man's responsibility for the tragedy. A teacher who was one of the congregation on that Sunday called on the bank president. He was cordially received. But the atmosphere grew chilly when he expressed his disappointment in the sermon because it lacked conviction. "Young men and women," said the visitor, "are pretty thoroughly disillusioned by what they see going on in the world. They need more than anything else assurance that our moral and religious terminology refers to something real. Many of them believe that most of the noble ideals set before them are devices to keep the innocent in line so that the more sophisticated can help themselves to the good things of life." And he added: "I should think it a time for the church to speak out with unmistakable boldness. If it doesn't, more and more young people will turn their backs upon religion."

The bank president picked up a letter to read as a notice that the interview was over. "Listen," he said to the visitor, "when we want your advice on running our church we'll give you a ring."

The Two-Fold Need of Religious Liberalism

ERNEST CALDECOTT

Religious liberalism has two outstanding needs, which in the last analysis are one, namely, intelligence and the ethical application of knowledge. The world does not yield its riches to morons, nor does duty flourish like weeds. Since religious people who have shed superstition have nothing to fall back upon but intelligence, and since intelligence has been found of such avail in mastering the physical elements of existence, it may be that the appeal to reason, with which should be accompanied the modern concept of imagination, would achieve what other efforts have failed to do.

The philosophy implied in liberal religion calls for exceptional powers of comprehension and also for unusual courage to espouse, while at the same time there is a certain simplicity about it that "the wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err therein." In that respect it is like the science of today. In the latter instance we ordinarily think of matter as something hard and tangible. Yet the modern scientist, tearing all substance apart, leaves us with nothing more than an incalculable number of "events" moving at an incredibly swift rate of speed but in such a reliable manner that we can sit comfortably on our seats and stand securely on the floor. All this is beyond the understanding of the man in the street, but when it is worked out to practicable application it comports much more with common sense than the older notions of science, particularly those mixed up with metaphysics. In like manner we may recognize a liberal philosophy of life to be highly involved and yet at the same time delightfully simple.

The important point to be stressed is that just as the comprehending scientist must come before the ordinary person can catch the sensibleness of the new thought, in like manner, if we are to reduce life to understandable elements, it will be necessary for men and women of astute intellectual powers to weave the facts of existence into a reasonable whole so that the average person can recognize both the parts and the entirety.

At the present time we are inclined to take facts for granted. As long as they serve our immediate purpose we are not concerned about the pattern we are weaving. In that respect we are like the men who denude the forests, with scant consideration to the need of watersheds for the future or to vegetable life in the next generation. Since a liberal interpretation of existence necessitates thought applied to facts, it requires at least as much intelligence to develop a philosophy commensurate with the complexities of being as it does to work out problems in higher mathematics which may sometime result in a new type of automobile. Here and there are men and women of sterling worth still adhering to those institutions calculated to promote spiritual development on a par with the rest of life. Occasionally, one reads an article, and even a book, which bears traces of great gifts applied to the production of such a philosophy. But for the most part, religious institutions are left to quite ordinary people who, though good and devoted, could no more add to creativity in religion than they could in science. If the prime function of organ-

ized religious liberalism is to keep quite intelligent people in the paths of normal behavior, then all that can be expected of it is already being achieved. Taken by and large, there is probably no finer set of men and women to be found anywhere than those who congregate in the free and liberal churches. They shine by contrast with orthodoxy and also with clubs and lodges.

This is written under the strong impression, however, that we need more than ordinary people to give and to sustain the impetus life now needs. It is an old axiom that if we do not go forward we must go backward. Not only is there no standing still, but we do not want to be fixed entities. If it is not possible to advance, we at least wish to know what the argument is substantiating such a conviction. It would appear that the mental energy required to produce the evidence is precisely that which might be exerted to give us the next push forward. While it is true that the vast majority of people have no special aptitude for anything, that is no reason for supposing that progress does not call for leadership.

The contention here made is that religious liberalism, in the very nature of the case, needs at least as intelligent people to formulate its principles as are called for in the laboratories, which, when worked out in the factories, give us nothing but steamships that travel a few knots an hour faster than anything has ever skimmed the ocean before, or which enable some daredevil to race along a track at a rate a few miles an hour in excess of anything a human being has ever covered in all time. Merely to go on singing the old hymns and preaching the old sermons, with a dash of modern illustration thrown in; or simply to assume that one may dispense with all that and spend one's Sundays out on the beach or on the golf course, and that policemen will take care of restive people who have been sufficiently unfortunate as to be unable to lift themselves into such a position of economic security as to do these things, is little other than a complacency whose proper name is cowardice.

History shows that even a nomadic people had need of some more thoughtful member of the group in order that they might find better and better places of forage. How much more is leadership needed in our modern, complex form of living! Nor is it enough that such leaders be specialists in law, economics, and science. Were that sufficient, the state of human society greatly to be desired and conceived as possible, would have arrived. The very fact that we have at last reached the place where enough for all can be produced, but have not done so, indicates something lacking. It is perfectly clear that a close relationship exists between intelligence on the one hand and what man can and actually does achieve on the other hand.

This is where the second phase of our thesis applies. Men know more than they use for social purposes. It is admitted that the ethical application of knowledge is not an automatic affair. Doubtless there are thousands of well-informed persons who would gladly render some contribution toward solving the industrial strife that so frequently obtains between employer and employee, but they do not see where they can be of use. Our social system is so complex that only specialists can understand it. Most of us stand by, utterly bewildered. Society seems to be like a huge juggernaut about to crush us, when we feel that we ought by this time to have mastered its intricacies and be well on the road to something approaching a heaven on earth.

The somewhat isolated human units of great talent are of as little value to civilization as so many telephones without appropriate connections with a central station. Further, only by the assumption of responsibility by the capable shall we avoid totalitarianism. Men love efficiency. They see it in operation, at least externally, in Fascist states. They do not sense its evils. It becomes relatively easy for them to yield to the blandishments of Fascistic appeal. This is especially true when conditions are unpleasant. Totalitarianism came in Russia, Germany, and Italy as a result of despair. Had there been the right kind of leadership in the first place, there would have been no temptation to capitulate to dictatorship. The human inherent love of freedom is not readily yielded, although most people do not know what to do with freedom when they get it. Nevertheless, they love liberty and have a right to it, so long as they do not harm others in its use. The best way to preserve our liberties is to be guided by those who have had the proper knowledge and who are willing to place it at the service of their fellows. At present all too few of such persons have come forward. We are still in need of the leadership of the competent. This cannot come by coercion. The wilful exercise of freedom does not produce it. Only the ethical application of information will both save us from Fascist control and also make freedom work.

Were life a purely individualistic affair, what happened to others could not then be our concern, any more than we could help it should we discover that human life exists on the planet Mars and that a tyrant had made its inhabitants his slaves. The exact opposite is the case, however. All through the centuries men have insisted upon living together. Not only is this true of the unenlightened; it is also true of their intellectual superiors, although in a different way. By degrees, the gregarious evolves into the social, and the social becomes the ethical. Men want a larger life and they engage others to help them bring it about. They encourage, let us say, Italians to come to the United States to do the hard manual labor incident to the pushing of the frontier nearer the Pacific Ocean, and, immediately, an ethical situation has come into being. The scientist invents a high explosive or a poisonous gas which can wipe out a whole city in a night, and another ethical problem has arisen. There is no isolation today. Our need is to match the new facts of society with a sense of duty that shall meet the age effectively. Even in the rural days of man there were those who thought in terms of ethics. Stern Duty, the daughter of necessity, spoke through Aristotle in all the essential principles of behavior. Today, concepts of obligations must exist to meet a greater necessity than ever before, and requiring a moral quality only called for in other centuries from the few. Those who must lead in exercising that courage are the capable.

It is all too frequently assumed, when one discusses problems in ethics these days, that one is proposing to take from the "haves" and to give to the "have-nots." That is supposed to be the way to increase the wealth of the nation. It is ridiculous, of course. Only work can create wealth, plus those forms of inspiration that stir a man to high endeavor. What we need to do is not to make paupers, but to rid society of parasites. Only those may not work who are not capable of doing so. The rest of us must tender our contribution in such suitable and effective ways as are possible to us. But even then not enough will be accomplished. If all the

morons in the world were placed in one country and then worked hard all their days, they could not possibly make a great addition to life's riches. It takes brains to wrest secrets from nature. Darwin's *Origin of Species* was worth more than ten million ordinary lives could achieve. But that does not warrant others taking advantage of the findings of science and making slaves of the multitude. If the counterparts of Shakespeare, Emerson, and their kind were usually in charge of business and government, we would have precisely what we need to give the world the pull in the right direction. When intelligence and integrity are combined and applied to social problems, we then have the greatness which lifts nations to noble heights. The balance of people usually follow where they are led. They would prefer it to be a leadership of the peaceful; but follow they must.

That the gifted, using their talents ethically, would associate themselves with others of their kind in suitable movements for the promotion and practice of the right seems as reasonable as it is that education fares better in schools than out of them, even though educational institutions are cluttered up with academic nonsense. No doubt there would be distress occasioned among the members of existing organizations, were this dream to come true. As the qualified moved into positions of leadership, the merely devoted would feel that they were as much entitled to their positions of honor, just as most people feel they are entitled to inherit their parents' estate (a point impossible to prove in ethics). The result would be heartache. But it must come about. The great lack in organized religious liberalism is that of the capable of the earth devoting their talent to activities by which alone man will climb to higher reaches. To call it a church is not important. It simply needs to be noted that man must have a means for expressing and also for generating his idealism, just as wires and insulation are needed in order that electricity may function. The functions to be performed within the four walls of the building must be determined by the best judgment we can exercise. That which is important, and beside which all else seems to pale into insignificance, is convincing men and women of parts that they have something to contribute to life in some such manner as is here described. Should churches undergo a complete metamorphosis in a few years, such that we would call it a revolution, that would not matter. The most valuable change for mankind would have been accomplished. For the first time in the history of the world the qualified would lead and would do so in a manner compatible with the highest ethics. This is none other than intelligence ethically applied.

America's Great Need Today

DAVID M. BLOCH

While Europe is slowly expiring from the virus of Nazi and Fascistic ideology, it is well that we Americans should be on our guard and not allow this country also to be infected by the same disease. Today more than ever it is necessary that we reëxamine our credo, and see whether we can find a way out of the present dilemma facing the western world. Favored as we are in natural resources and wealth above any nation on earth, we should have little difficulty in making this country a blessed abode for its inhabitants and a shining example for the rest of the world to follow. But we must avoid the pitfalls of the old world if we are to become once more, as in '76, the pioneers of a new civilization.

If we are to grow and prosper, we must live up to the fundamental principles of our Declaration of Independence, and teach our youth that real Americanism is violently opposed to any sort of reactionary propaganda. Our country, though young, has left us a rich harvest of great liberators: Emerson, Thoreau, Longfellow, Jefferson, Lincoln, Paine, Whitman, Poe, Debs. These men, and not the guardians of our vested interests, are the true representatives of Americanism, and our younger generation should profit by their inspired teachings.

America's greatest need today is a spiritual orientation towards life. We ought to be convinced by now that our salvation cannot come either from a crude pagan philosophy which deifies brute force, or from a materialistic science that worships at the shrine of blind economic and material energies, and would make these our masters. In order to solve the many problems confronting us and achieve the ideal goal set before us, we must realize that while it is true that man is an economic and combative animal, he is also endowed by the creator with divine attributes. Unless we grasp this simple truism, we will not be capable of reshaping our present chaotic social and economic system. For only when we realize that man is capable of transcending his animality will we cease following false prophets. Only then will we be guided by such men as Jesus, Socrates, Isaiah, Tolstoy, rather than by Machiavelli, Nietzsche, Marx, and Lenin. We will choose the former and not the latter because they are the true representatives of democracy and the good life.

We should have long ago discarded our obsolete *laissez faire* economy, and adopted instead a more realistic social economy suitable to our present needs. It is sheer hypocrisy on our part to boast about democracy when one-third of our people are ill-housed, ill-clothed, and undernourished. A people living thus on the bare edge of poverty cannot remain for long the guardians of a free society. Such a state of affairs is bound eventually to lead to anarchy, culminating in some form of dictatorship. This is precisely what has happened in Europe, and is bound to happen here, too, if we do not drastically change our social and economic structure, and make it serve the interests of the many instead of the privileged few. It is high time that we cease worshipping "Big Business," cease paying lip service to a hypothetical democracy, and bend all our efforts towards the establishment of a genuine political and industrial democracy.

Today more than ever it is essential that we reaffirm our faith in the "fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man." Too long has religion been the maid-servant of reaction instead of the champion of the oppressed. The church, if it is to play a decisive role in the shaping of our democracy, must cease worshipping Mammon and rededicate itself anew to the service of humanity. But even a regenerate church will be unable to perform her task properly if our public schools remain what they are: institutions for the training of robots. For that is precisely what most of our schools

are today! The three R's and blind obedience to the *status quo* are the principal prerequisites of their curriculum. Cultural values are either ignored or given in homeopathic doses. Like the church, the school must be revamped if our democracy is in any way to function effectively.

There is a crying need in these United States today for a great revival of religion, philosophy, and art. A civilization is judged by its cultural and spiritual values and not by its wealth or mechanical inventions. Ancient Judea and Greece, though poor in technical inventions and material wealth as compared to our own country, nevertheless, gave to the western world most of its civilization. We must emulate their example if we are to be worthy of the rich heritage they bestowed upon us. Let us, if necessary, build fewer battleships, but more and better schools; fewer factories for the production of unnecessary goods, but more beautiful houses and temples of art. And let us cease paying homage to the machine, realizing that unless the machine is made to serve man, it will eventually master and enslave him. Our real enemies today are ignorance and greed, the twin brothers of war, economic enslavement, and all that is ugly in our present-day world. These major evils must be eradicated from our midst if we are to look forward towards a brighter future for ourselves and for posterity.

An Easter Message

Children of pain and loss,
  Whereunto all are born;
After the thorns and cross,
  The resurrection morn.

Labors that seem but dross,
  Dreams that the years have torn;
After the thorns and cross,
  The resurrection morn.

Under the grass and moss,
  All that was flesh, out-worn;
After the thorns and cross,
  The resurrection morn.

ROBERT WHITAKER.

The Study Table

The Gift of Objectivity

IN SEARCH OF SOVIET GOLD. *By John D. Littlepage and Demaree Bess. 310 pp. and pictorial map. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.75.*

In this book all the experiences recorded are those of Littlepage, who was induced by Bess, a journalist, to tell him his story. They then discussed the story and finally Bess wrote it down preserving as much as possible Littlepage's own style of narration. So Bess is more than an amanuensis, and Littlepage is less than an author; and Bess's part although secondary was quite indispensable.

The features of this book which make it valuable are (1) the simplicity of Littlepage's point of view. He is essentially a competent and honest mining engineer, who knows his "stuff" and little else. He says frankly that he knew nothing of Communism or of Russia at the outset. One is led to infer also that he did not know much about America, no more than is necessary for a competent mining engineer in Alaska. (2) As an observer Littlepage leaves nothing at all to be desired. His objectivity is unvitiated by hidden prejudices. His comments are logical and sagacious. His interpretations are modified only by his very obvious viewpoint, that of a specialist in production. (3) His experiences though mostly restricted to the field of his profession were wide, varied, and prolonged. He was ten years in the Soviet Union and travelled everywhere. (4) Both Littlepage and his wife were accustomed to discomfort, even to hardship. In the Soviet Union their accommodations were at times worse than primitive. But this, to these hardy pioneers, was all in the day's work, and the events are recalled and recounted without resentment and not without humor.

The patristic literature of Communism had envisaged a Communistic world from which gold currency had been sloughed off as useless. But Stalin realized that, although in Russia any sort of fiat money would do during its present socialistic stage, Russia still being surrounded by capitalistic neighbors would do well to lay in a store of gold—the bigger the better. It was some time, however, before he could win the consent of his more theoretical colleagues, but as soon as he had done so Littlepage was brought from Alaska. Under the supervision of the latter, the production of gold eventually reached its present high level.

Stalin knew all about the Gold Rush in California. In time and with difficulty he persuaded his colleagues that the Soviet Union could profit by the American experience. The government then set the stage for a "rush" to Eastern Siberia. The rush came, towns grew up almost overnight. But the government had foreseen everything and sovietization accompanied growth. There was no lawlessness, no prostitution, no crime. Prospectors grew rich and came away with government certificates which they could hardly find means of spending. For them it had been a great and thrilling experience. The result of the "rush" was all that could have been desired. It increased the government's hoard, and it settled permanently a considerable population in areas coveted by the Japanese.

Littlepage was both surprised and amused to find the sharp distinction between the technical staff and the workmen. The former did not put on old clothes and go down into the mine. But Littlepage did and taught others that it is the only way to run a mine successfully. He also found that adequate mine bookkeeping was regarded as unessential. This, too, he reformed.

The liquidation of the kulaks profoundly affected the mines. It cut down the food supply and furnished absolutely untrained miners. The same was true of the settling of the nomads.

In itself the liquidation was a strange affair. Owing to the incompetency and the utter inexperience of many of the local authorities, the process was often accompanied with considerable ruthless and unnecessary hardship. Great masses of people were herded off to new locations. From farmers they became miners or factory workers. On reaching their destination their competency in the new occupation as well as their standard of living rose slowly. Some had understood

what it was all about but there had been no time for adequate propaganda and many were completely puzzled until the gradual subsequent sovietization brought clarity to the situation. Fortunately the people were on the whole docile. It is Littlepage's opinion that the liquidation of the kulaks served a two-fold purpose. It removed from the land people who resisted collectivization and it furnished an immense number of operatives for the expanding industries. The ruthlessness, when it occurred, was not part of Moscow's plan; indeed some of the overzealous lower officials were severely punished subsequently.

In the midst of the "colossal" changes which shook the Union and stagger the imagination, there were many malcontents. Political democracy was an ideal but for the present the government consisted of a politically irresponsible, paternal oligarchy. Discontent could best express itself by wrecking and sabotaging the industries which the government was cherishing. Littlepage saw much of this distressing situation.

Attempts at sabotage and wrecking were met by the government by increasing the number and vigilance of police, spies, and informers. The police mind is a suspicious one and perhaps precautions are overdone, perhaps there are too many people arrested and perhaps some miscarriages of justice. But the work camps are not so bad. The treatment is not harsh and the standard of living not bad, relatively.

Besides sabotage in the mines and factories themselves there was dishonesty on the part of even high officials. Some had been employed by the government to purchase mining equipment in Germany. As the contracts to be valid had to carry Littlepage's signature, he became aware of irregularities. He refused to sign and the matter went no further. Later some of these men (e. g. Piatakoff) were tried and executed. To Littlepage the foreign notion that these men were being "framed" seemed far fetched.

Some persons have commented caustically upon Soviet incompetency. They have seemed to see in this characteristic something peculiar to Communist organization or to those of slavic inheritance. Littlepage knows that it takes six months to turn a farmer into a miner or operator and is not surprised. He took such men and educated them. It was part of his job. But one phase of this matter exasperated him. It was the rule that in any industrial enterprise one-half of the staff must be from the local population. Sometimes the local population could not speak Russian and had never seen a machine. This rule was naturally a serious handicap to production, and Littlepage was more interested in production than in the government's care not to offend primitive peoples.

Littlepage has a good deal to say about exile. "The word 'exile,' and all its implications, arouses a sense of horror in the minds of Americans which I am convinced is seldom felt so keenly by Soviet citizens." Since the Revolution, exiles are not ill treated and their lives are not much harder, if any, than that of Soviet citizens generally.

Littlepage was immensely impressed by Siberia, which he calls "Russia's great asset." It matters little what sort of government the Russians have, for any government which possesses Siberia cannot but prosper. Indeed even if all of Russia in Europe were lost, the government which holds Siberia would be most fortunate. "I have seen with my own eyes the agricultural, forest, and mineral riches of Siberia and the other unsettled regions of Russia. I can testify that they are sufficient to insure prosperity for all Russians, if they are properly exploited and managed," he says.

Toward the end of the book, Littlepage seems to have abandoned some of his original attitude of detachment. He had come to feel a personal interest in the development of Soviet industry and to have become fearful of its future. As a result of the sabotage, the spy and wrecker-scare was at its height and the feeling was general (among engineers) of insecurity and of unwillingness to assume responsibility.

So after ten years of valuable service, he and his family returned home, not a little relieved, back to his own "happier country and circumstances." That is, of course, happier for the competent mining engineer.

The preceding paragraphs will, it is hoped, convey to the reader some notion as to the character of Littlepage's book. In writing them I have cared less to inform the reader than to induce him to read the book itself. It is so objective that friends of the Soviet Union will find abundance to cheer them, while its enemies will exult with equal enthusiasm. This will be evidence of objectivity, for Russia itself is just like that. (So, too, is America as far as that goes.)

I believe that this sort of literature is extraordinarily helpful to thoughtful Americans of our day. In this country changes long overdue are doubtless on the way. Can we achieve the ideals of democracy without first having to endure the harrowing experiences of the Soviet Union? Can we?

PERCY M. DAWSON

Literary Criticism in a Democracy

ENJOYMENT OF LITERATURE. *By John Cowper Powys. 522 pp. New York: Simon and Schuster. $3.75.*

This is a timely book: and it is timely for several reasons. One reason lies in the fact that educators are just now endeavoring to build courses around great books. In fact, a course in any school, college, or university can be measured in importance in proportion to the number of great books which can be put at the disposal of those teaching and studying any subject. This, of course, is merely a part of the recall to the humanities that have, until the most recent time, been neglected for the sciences. Literature, history, philosophy, religion: to these we must return in order to get a proper perspective on values. Powys' *Enjoyment of Literature* provides an excellent introduction to such a humanistic approach. The author's genial and mellow scholarship, and his wise observations, introduce the reader to the Bible, Greek literature as seen in Homer and the Tragedians, Dante, Rabelais, Montaigne, Cervantes, Shakespeare, Milton, Goethe, Wordsworth, Dickens, Whitman, Dostoievsky, Melville and Poe, Arnold, Hardy, Nietzsche, and Proust. This list was chosen because Powys received from each a vital element in the growth of his mind. "Had space permitted I would have added Walter Scott and Hugo . . . and Sir Thomas Browne and Bunyan . . . the poet Virgil too and Walter Pater. . . ." Let us hope that he will write a second volume in which he can take the necessary space to discuss these also. We need to know more about Sir Thomas and Pater, and who could discuss them better than Powys. Scott, Hugo, Bunyan, and Virgil we all studied before we got to college, and they have helped build our spiritual universe. *Enjoyment of Literature* ought to be on

everybody's book shelf where it can be read and reread; then the librarians would find that people would call for and read something beyond detective stories. Most readers ought to have their interest in literary criticism stimulated; this book will do it. But we need such a book for another reason: today we must revalue our values, and this book will lead us back to the humanities where values are found. And now let us ask the publishers to speed the second volume.

CHARLES A. HAWLEY

Book Notes

LINCOLN TALKS: A BIOGRAPHY IN ANECDOTE. *Compiled by Emanuel Hertz. 698 pp. New York: The Viking Press. $5.00.*

Mr. Hertz has "collected, collated and edited" a volume of anecdotes by and about Lincoln, which by skillful arrangement present an informative and revealing biography of America's most loved and honored character. Many of the anecdotes have not been previously published except as they originally appeared in the news organs of the day. The anecdotes are grouped under the headings Youth, Lawyer, Man and Story Teller, Politician, Party Leader, Commander in Chief, and Father Abraham. Lincoln once said: "In most instances [biographies] commemorate a lie, and cheat posterity out of the truth." This work is a worthy effort to perpetuate the truth as recorded by a "thousand uncollaborating men and women."

There is an excellent index.

* * *

LET'S TALK OF LINCOLN. *By R. Gerald McMurtry. 41 pp. Harrogate, Tennessee: Lincoln Memorial University, Department of Lincolniana.*

This little volume of talks on the life, career, deeds, and immortality of Abraham Lincoln was written to commemorate the one hundred thirtieth anniversary of his birth. It contains fifteen brief, free, and easy talks recalling to memory both simple and great aspects of Lincoln's life, and reminding us of his place in history.

* * *

SOCIAL WORK YEAR BOOK 1939. *Edited by Russell H. Kurtz. 730 pp. New York: Russell Sage Foundation. $3.50.*

This fifth biennial year book of social work and related fields in the United States maintains and extends the high quality of the previous volumes. Part One contains eighty-two authoritative articles on major fields of social interest, each amazingly compact and comprehensive. Part Two, appearing for the first time in this issue, deals with public assistance programs in the various states, and is a ready reference on public assistance set-ups and practices state by state throughout the country. Part Three is a general directory of both state and national private and public agencies. The articles in Part One reflect recent developments in the various fields. For example, the article on social group work takes account of the recent trend toward the recognition of the needs of specific individuals and the provision of appropriate group experiences in the light of their needs.

There is a good index, and a wealth of bibliography.

* * *

THE ART OF COUNSELING. *By Rollo May. 247 pp. Nashville: Cokesbury Press. $2.00.*

A clean, clear statement of the art of counseling with "normal" people in the area between the field of psychiatry on the one hand and that of education on the other, with a view to adjusting inner tensions and thus freeing the personality for creative and effective living.

* * *

HEALTH INSURANCE WITH MEDICAL CARE. *By Douglass W. Orr, M.D., and Jean Walker Orr. 271 pp. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.*

A unique account of the British experience in health insurance with medical care as viewed by the people themselves and the doctors who participated in the program. The conclusion is that, within admitted limits, the British plan is approved by the insured, the doctors, and the public; but that there is need for a better integrated hospital service to provide for specialized needs. The stock arguments against health insurance are not borne out by the British experience. The study shows that the plan and the principles ordinarily advocated by physicians as essential in governing the medical and hospital services are well adhered to.

At the present, when America is considering the extension of health services, this study will be helpful to all who take seriously the importance of a public health program for the United States.

* * *

RELIGION SAYS YOU CAN. *By Dilworth Lupton. 191 pp. Boston: The Beacon Press, Inc. $1.50.*

A confident presentation of religion in terms of the self-trust that grows out of the consciousness that we are of "finer stuff than the stars," that human experience demonstrates our ability to be triumphant in the face of any calamity, and that the spending of ourselves in good causes increases our spiritual capital.

* * *

TYPES OF RELIGIOUS PHILOSOPHY. *By Edwin Arthur Burtt. 512 pp. New York: Harper & Brothers. $3.00.*

It would be difficult to say too much in commendation of this excellent volume. It is a clear, objective, and scrupulously fair analysis of the major types of religious thought in the western world—from Early Christianity through Catholicism, Protestant Fundamentalism, the Religion of Science, Agnosticism, Ethical Idealism, Modernism, and on to Humanism. Following each chapter on a religious philosophy is a remarkably brief and penetrating summary of the major assumptions of the religious philosophy in question, together with a well-selected bibliography.

Of special interest to Humanists are the chapters on Modernism, Ethical Idealism, Agnosticism, and, of course, Humanism. Such a clarification as the author gives us of the principles involved in these points of view should lead to further examination and possibly to a unitary religious philosophy acceptable to modern-minded persons who believe that the human mind is competent to attain such progressive clarification of man's nature and place in the world as is needful for satisfactory living.

The chapter on Humanism is probably the most comprehensive, yet brief, statement that has been written on the subject. The Humanist assumptions concerning things metaphysical, moral, and social are stated and amplified with responsible understanding of their implications for human living.

Scholarly, readable, and authoritative, this book meets the need for a new treatment of religious issues.

CURTIS W. REESE.

Correspondence

Complaint and Reply

Editor of UNITY:

I think it best to end my subscription now. I've never been so disappointed in any publication before; and I found UNITY so fair, and so stimulating some five years ago! I cannot understand the spirit of narrowness and bitterness in the editorials of the past year or so.

ELIZABETH C. BANKER.

West Roxbury, Mass.

[NOTE: The first and very definite answer to this letter must be confession of guilt. If Miss Banker has received impression of "the spirit of narrowness and bitterness in the editorials" of UNITY, it must be that some such spirit has been present. It would perhaps be remarkable if, in this age of increasing "narrowness and bitterness," we ourselves did not share to some degree the frailty of our fellows. We are human, and therefore fall victim to the ills that flesh and mind are heir to. But this is no excuse for our fault. Editors, like ministers, must strive to rise "above the battle," and render themselves immune to the psychological contagions of the hour. To the extent that we have failed to do this, we confess our sin.

But there is another side to this question, as there is to every question. Without seeking the slightest extenuation for ourselves, we would still beg to point out that Miss Banker is not perhaps as broaded-minded and tolerant of spirit as she was five years ago. It would be again remarkable if she were! Things have been happening these last five years. Fear has grown upon us, insecurity and confusion have pressed us hard, opinions have stiffened and convictions been tested as though by fire. There is reason, though no justification, for the bitterness and hatred which now clutch the hearts of men, and more or less affect us all. Is Miss Banker as willing to read frank opinions as she was five years ago? Is she as tolerant of ideas contrary to her own, as patient and open-minded in disputation? Nobody that we know is. I doubt if *she* is. Our reader brings a tighter, more sensitive, less liberal mind to her reading of our editorials than heretofore. Like all the rest of us, she is less free in spirit, and thus herself in a measure unwittingly contributes to the tragedy of misunderstanding and confusion.

We seem to feel the old days of the Great War coming back again. People are beginning to get restive and resentful of the free interchange of ideas. Less and less are they willing to listen to the other man's point of view. As the strain of these threatening days grows taut about us and within, we break into mutually hostile parties and groups, sever friendly relations, and cry shrilly at each other just as we did a quarter-century ago. No editor, no minister, but feels the strain within himself, and sees it in the averted faces and cold hearts of those who once were friends.

In such a situation, which will probably get worse before it gets better, we know of only one thing to do, and that is to plod right ahead, stating our opinions as we believe them, without fear or favor, or any reckoning of cost, and at the same time disciplining ourselves more rigorously to the ideal of speaking the truth (as we see it) "in love." We have failed, and probably shall fail, full often. But Miss Banker has given us warning and rebuke, and we are grateful and propose to try harder to correct our fault. And may our readers be kind, and "forgive us our trespasses as we would forgive those who trespass against us." J. H. H.

Child Refugees

Editor of UNITY:

The child refugees sent out to various lands bring to mind a poem by Gabriela Mistral. She was lately appointed by the government of Chile as Minister to Costa Rica and the other Central American countries. Her poem may be rendered into English thus:

Little Feet

Oh tiny feet of children
  Blue with the cold, unshod!
How can they see, nor cover you—
  O God.

O little feet, sore wounded
  By every stone and brier,
Chilled by the snows in winter,
  Defiled by mire!

Man, blind, knows not that where you go,
  In valley or on height,
You always leave behind a flower
  Of living light—

That where your little bleeding soles
  You set, O childish feet!
The tuberose in her snowy bloom
  Becomes more sweet.

Since in straight paths day after day
  Ye travel bare,
Be as heroic, little feet,
  As ye are fair!

Two little suffering jewels,
  Doomed to a bitter lot!
How can the people pass you by
  And see you not?

Gabriela Mistral is the pen name of Lucilla Godoy Alcayaza. Once an obscure, little country school teacher, she is now famous and beloved throughout Spanish America.

ALICE STONE BLACKWELL.

Cambridge, Mass.

Stigmata

The Christ who bled,
He is not dead.
His wounds are opened wide.
His cross is iron—not of wood—
They stab from every side.

It is too much. He cannot rise.
His flesh is torn by men.
On God he cries, in anguish deep—
He is crucified again!

HANNA MOCK.

The Field

(*Continued from page* 34)

paper got hold of the documents and published them.

There was the ridiculous Zimmermann incident—an intercepted wireless telegram from Berlin to Germany's Mexican representative, outlining a Mexican attack, with German help, on the United States, Mexico to be rewarded with Texas, New Mexico, and Arizona.

The Great Day turned out to be April 6, 1917. On that day, just a month and two days after Wilson's second inauguration, Congress declared war against the Imperial German Government—after a desperate anti-war filibuster by Senator Robert M. La Follette the First, of Wisconsin. Wilson told Congress:

> It is a fearful thing to lead this great peaceful people . . . into the most terrible and disastrous of all wars. . . But the right is more precious than peace, and we shall fight for the things which we have always carried nearest our hearts—for democracy, for the right of those who submit to authority to have a voice in their own governments, for the rights and liberties of small nations, for a universal dominion of right by such a concert of free peoples as shall bring peace and safety to all nations and make the world itself at last free.

We were in the war; dragged in by a world-saver, a do-gooder, a congenital monkeyer with other people's business. Out of it, we got vastly less than nothing. We got 126,000 soldiers killed and died, an unpaid war debt of about $10,000,000,000, and three major depressions and two inflationary booms to date. As for saving the world or doing it any good—well, parts of the world got out of the war, not democracy, but Hitler, Mussolini, and Stalin.

New York Daily News.